

# The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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\$1.00 PER YEAR

**\$3,400.00 CASH AND GIVEN FREE PRIZES EACH MONTH**

As follows: 4 First Prizes, each of \$100.00 Cash. 20 Second " " " \$50.00 Cash. 40 Third " " " \$25.00 Cash. Total given during 12 mos. 1897, \$40,800.00

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## Biographic Gleanings.

Forty or fifty years ago, one of the most generally known citizens of our county was Peter Lightner, on Knapp's Creek. He was tall in person, active in his movements, always in a good humor, and one of the most expert horsemen of his times, and perhaps realized as much ready change swapping horses as any other of his citizen contemporaries. He could come so near making a new and young horse of an old dilapidated framework of an animal as was possible for anyone to do who has ever made a business of dealing in horse-flesh.

Near the close of the last century, he settled on Knapp's Creek, on land purchased from James Ponge, who emigrated to Kentucky. Mr Ponge had built a mill which Mr Lightner improved upon, and for years accommodated a wide circle of customers, who had gotten tired of hominy and hominy meal pounded in a gobbet-shaped block. The pestle by which the trituration was done was usually a piece of wood like a hand-spike, with an iron wedge inserted in one end, and fastened by an iron band to keep it from splitting. This mill was a precious and valuable convenience, and brought comfort to many homes, and some of the most toothsome bread ever eaten in our county was made of meal from Lightner's Mill. Some families had hand-mills, but they were about as hard to operate as the hominy block, or mortar with the iron-bound pestle.

It is believed Mr Lightner came from the neighborhood of Crab Bottom, near the headwaters of the South Branch of the Potomac. His wife was Alcinda Harper, a sister of Henry Harper, the ancestor of the Harper connexion in our county. She, therefore, brought that pretty name to Pocahontas, and there have been many Alcindas in her worthy descendants and relatives.

The property owned by Peter Lightner is now in the possession of Hugh Dever and the family of the late Francis Dever, Esq., a few miles from Frost.

Mr Lightner's family consisted of one son and four daughters. Jacob Lightner, their only son, married Miss Elizabeth Moore, who was reared on the farm now occupied by Andrew Herold, Esq., near Frost. Her father was John Moore, a son of Moses Moore, the noted pioneer, and her mother was a McClung, of the Greenbrier branch of that noted connexion. Jacob Lightner's children were Peter Lightner, who died at home; John M. Lightner, once a member of the Huntersville bar, and moved to Abilene, Texas, where he died a few years since; Samuel M. Lightner was a student of Union Theological Seminary, and had about completed his studies for the Presbyterian ministry when he entered the army. He married Miss Sally Mildred Poage, in Rockbridge County, and died a few months after his marriage at Batesville, Virginia, and was buried at Falling Spring Church near the Natural Bridge. His widow married Rev Edward Lane, D. D., a distinguished missionary to Brazil, where he died much lamented. For some years Mrs Lane has resided in Staunton, Virginia, to be near her daughters, who were pupils of Miss Baldwin's Seminary.

Alcinda, one of Jacob Lightner's daughters, was a noted beauty, and very popular. She became the wife of the late James B. Campbell of Highland County, Virginia.

Mary, another daughter, married Rev John W. Hedges, of Berkeley County, a widely-known Methodist minister of the M. E. Baltimore Conference.

Alice, the youngest daughter, never married. The eldest daughter of Peter and Alcinda Lightner was named Elizabeth. She was married to Joseph Sharp, at Frost. Mr and Mrs Sharp were the parents of Abraham and Peter Sharp, at Frost, and Henry Sharp, on Douthard's Creek. Polly Sharp married John Hannah, on Elk, and was the mother of the late Bryson Hannah of Frost, and Mrs George Gibson,

## near Marlinton.

Phoebe Sharp first married the late Henry Harper, Jr., who died of an accidental wound inflicted while fixing a gate-latch near Sunset School-house. She afterwards married Mr Abe Rankin. Susan Sharp became the wife of the late William Burr, on Brown's Mountain, near Huntersville. Mr Burr died suddenly in F. J. Snyder's law office, whither he had gone to look after some business affairs.

Rachel Sharp lives near Frost on the old home place.

Susan Lightner, another daughter of our worthy pioneer, Peter Lightner was married to George Gay, a brother of the late John Gay, Esq., near Marlinton. For many years Mr and Mrs Gay lived on the farm now in the possession of F. A. Renick, Esq., near Hillsboro, until their removal to the State of Iowa.

Polly Lightner and the late Sheldon, Clark, Esq., were married and settled in the Little Levels, where their son, Sherman, now lives (1897.) Mr Clark came from the State of Connecticut, and made an immense fortune by merchandising and farming. He was a highly esteemed citizen, and by strict attention to his own business he prospered much. His influence was ever on the side of good morals and intelligence. Mr and Mrs Clark are survived by four sons, Sherman, Henry, Alvin, and Preston.

Sherman H. Clark, the eldest, married Mary Frances, daughter of the late Joel Hill, near Hillsboro, and lives on the old Clark homestead.

Alvin Clark married Mary Agnes, daughter of the late Josiah Beard, of Locust, and resides on the Moses Poage property east of Hillsboro.

Henry Clark lives near the head of Spring Creek.

Preston Clark married Miss Josie Levisay, near Frankford, West Virginia, and lives on the George Poage property, west of Hillsboro. There was another worthy brother, Peter Clark, whose wife was Miss Martha Blair. He died several years since on a farm south of Hillsboro.

The history of the Pocahontas possibilities in reach of those who are moral in habits, diligent in business, honest and strictly upright in their business relations. The advancement of such may be slow, but it will be sure and enduring, and the results bring comfort and influence to those who inherit them, a rich heritage to children's children.

Phoebe Ann Lightner was married to the late John Cleek, on Knapp's Creek, near Driscoll, on the place now occupied by the homes of their sons, Peter L. and William H. Cleek, and their daughter, Mrs B. F. Fleishman.

In the sketch published in The Times, January 15, 1897, mention was made of her sons and daughters whose names besides those just given were Mary Ann Herold, afterwards Mrs William C. Hull; Caroline Elizabeth, wife of Lanty Lockridge; Alcinda Susan, now Mrs Hugh Dever; Margaret Eveline, now Mrs Renick Ward; and Eliza Martha, now Mrs B. F. Fleishman.

The annals just recorded of these persons, Mr and Mrs Peter Lightner may be brief and simple, but yet how very suggestive as one reflects upon them. From these biographical gleanings material may be gathered illustrating pioneer sufferings and privations, thrilling romance, tragic incidents in peace and war.

They send no glittering statements out. When a bank goes to smash in China, To show 'tis solvent beyond a doubt. When a bank goes to smash in China, No pitying tears you see them shed, But they take a big cheese knife instead And amputate the president's head, And banks never break in China.

"WHAT a small mind Mrs Venlyne has." "Naturally. She has given her husband so many pieces of it."—Tid-Bits.

STILL WELL FIXED.—"One of your wife's lungs is gone, my dear sir." "That doesn't do me any good, doctor; the one she has left is a star."—Truth.

## "The Iron Ring."

Nearly fifty years ago there appeared in Littell's Living Age a remarkable story founded on legend. To this story,—"The Iron Ring,"—many a young person has listened from my lips, but my pen has never recorded it till now.

The Harz, or Hartz, Mountains form an important barrier boundary to Northern Germany: being the first obstacle that the cold, moist winds from the North Sea meet, the mountain summits are treeless and desolately bare. But the slopes and deep valleys abound in pines and firs; the dense, almost impenetrable forests are equally gloomy in their way, and what with the strange phenomena of nature often presented, form a store of legendary wealth not to be exceeded in weird interest. Among the Harz Mountains we find the "Spectre of the Brocken," and the great Goethe went thither with his dark fancies to build uncouth structures for the minds of men. A simpler legend of the Harz is the following:

From a town on the outskirts of the piny forests pilgrim travelers who knew nothing of fear and were not always needy, found it necessary to plunge into the dark tree-wilderness and make their way across the mountains; but, stout as their German hearts were, they would have hesitated a little had there not been a kind of wayfarer's house in the recesses where a night's lodging might be procured. The keepers of the caravansary were known to be very poor, and at long intervals were seen creeping in the dusk about the town;—thickly muffled and aided by the twilight, their dark, forbidding countenances attracted little attention.

As time wore on it began to be noised whisperingly around that of all the pilgrims who had penetrated the forest depths, not one had ever yet been seen again; and, full of danger as the journey was, natural causes could not answer for the lives of all. Rumor settled on the half-way house, and whisperers of "foul-play" went around the circle,—yet was nothing done until the deep thoughts of one mild-featured youth named Franz came to the surface and formed themselves into speech: "Fritz, go thou with me and we'll ferret the den." Fritz nodded assent, and their preparations were made apace. To be ready for everything and apparently unready was their aim,—the most fearful and weakest of pilgrims, the stoutest of heart, and anything but unsuspecting wanderers.

Great fears were aroused. The friends of Franz and Fritz saw them depart, and wept as over their burial. With no light word or trifling manner, but calm and resolute, the young men went forth to unravel the mystery of the Harz recess, or to die in the attempt.

The shades of evening were falling fast upon them when they caught glimpse of the stone battlements they were, in a sense, to storm. Leaving Fritz to conceal himself in the woods, Franz advanced to beg shelter and food. "Keep on the alert for my whistle," said Franz, "come then most speedily,—and Fritz, if you hear nothing, care for this." "T was a look of girlish, golden hair,—Gretchen's hair, and Gretchen was Fritz's sister. The young men embraced each other and parted.

The house presented a singular blank appearance to Franz, and might have passed for uninhabited. Presently a decrepit old man shuffled out of the windowless building and stood silent before Franz. "Food and shelter, holy father,"—"Nay," returned the hooded one, "ask not crumbs of the starving,—see these gaunt limbs," thrusting his bony arms towards Franz. "Then I die at your gate," and in what may be termed a *feint* the young man fell. "The saints preserve us!" gasped the janitor, and hobbling away soon returned and poured down the beggar's throat some drops of richest wine. "Canst crawl in now? Save me all are avant." With difficulty and feebly aided by the skeleton arms, Franz crawled into the dungeon-like abode. Night had deepened.

Once inside Franz's great aim was to explore, so still feigning weakness, "Pray, father, lead me to rest and disturb me not till morn, when I will rid you of my company, and any coin in my wallet shall be yours." The old man, who seemed to Franz a pliable servant of shrewd men, conducted our pilgrim thro various narrow stone passages, up long winding stone stairways to a spacious apartment, and there leaving him, bolted the door on the outside. Franz did not care, however, seeing open grating windows toward the forest hiding-place of Fritz, who now lay in the dark and sleepless, felt

more uneasiness. To reconnoiter was the first step that Franz took in his strange quarters, and the second was to divest himself of the pilgrim garb and appear, every inch of him, a man ready for conflict which he fully expected.

He observed that straw pallets were arranged in the middle of the room around an immense column whose top was encircled by a heavy iron ring. Drawing a portion of the bedding to a distant corner of the room, he lay down in truth to rest, for Franz was really tired.

Silence reigned and the midnight hour approached. A rumbling sound, a creaking, and such a tremendous crash as shook the stone building, strong as it was. The iron ring had fallen, and thus had many an unsuspecting traveler been killed and their effects stolen: their bodies—where?

A stealthy step neared the door, unbarred it, and Franz stood ready. As the same old man peered in he was rudely seized and pinioned: no other person came. Franz blew a shrill whistle for his companion, and the two together commanded and compelled this janitor and kind keeper of weary pilgrims to disclose everything concerning the nefarious business. The ghostly bones and relics of human beings had been concealed in the stone cavities of the walls; but of treasures the old man knew nothing. A stunted living folk that was his, and heavily, sinfully paid for. He was conveyed to the town, and thence the main actors in the tragic drama of The Iron Ring were discovered, brought to civil trial for their man-slaughter, and capitally executed. The weak old servant and accomplice was recommended to mercy, and his penalty commuted to imprisonment. The stone-house, arena of the diabolical deeds, was razed to the ground, and a suitable, safe resting-place for pilgrims established. Franz received the thanks of the town with Fritz; but they refused the offered emolument, feeling that they had only done their duty.

In long years after, Gretchen's maidens were wont to lay a golden tress beside their own for comparison, and then at father Franz's suggestion to put the "frau's gold lock" carefully away, for had it not once been in danger far out upon the dreadful Hartz Mountains?

A. L. P.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE said in a recent address on the coming century that the world is growing better. In the classification the century of Columbus was marked by discovery, the eighteenth by analysis, and the nineteenth by invention. The victories of the twentieth century, in his opinion, will be moral and spiritual. His prediction is that it "will be filled with not only physical comfort, but spiritual, and physical forces will be transmitted into moral and spiritual." Education will be general and greatly elevated, and nations will be brought into closer intercourse. No one has ventured to prophesy what the next century will bring forth in invention, for scarcely a year passes now without some wonderful advance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

JESSE JONES, Esq., one of the best known citizens of Monroe Co., died at his home in Wolf Creek district at 3:30 o'clock, on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 17, 1897, after a very prolonged illness, at the advanced age of 84 years. His remains were interred in the Baptist cemetery at Alderson on Tuesday. He leaves a widow and several sons and daughters. The Man, in an extended notice of Mr. Jones, relates the following:

During the war he had \$1,500 in state bank notes and \$150 in gold and silver. Fearing that it might be taken from him, he hid it in a hollow tree in the woods by his house. Soon after the 45th Virginia Regiment encamped in this woodland, and as the soldiers were cutting down timber promiscuously, Mr Jones began to entertain some apprehensions about his tree. So he made for the camp and was very much frightened to find five or six men seated under his identical tree, playing cards for money, and within arm's reach of his bank deposit. However, they had not discovered the treasure, but it took very skillful management to get that money out of the hole in the tree without being detected, which he nevertheless succeeded in doing.

SHE—I don't think you were anxious to hear me sing. He (earnestly)—Indeed I was. I had never heard you before.—Puck.

SOME one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between insanity and genius. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

## Sam Jones in Boston.

Boston has been wonderfully shocked by Sam Jones. Listen to a few of Sam's scandalous upper cuts:

"There is a big difference between Boston and hell. You have a bay here. They haven't got any bay there. There are two kinds of engines in the church—big locomotives, running a mile a minute, and little stationary engines that don't go anywhere; just stay right here, puffing and blowing. Some little preachers here are just like these stationary engines. They blow their whistle at 12 o'clock, and that's all. The big locomotive not only moves along, but takes something along with it. We ought to trade off some of our stationary engines for some big locomotives."

"You cover a sin in Boston with a \$5 bill. Money hides the whole business. The more I see of a good dog the less I think of the average man. The former will obey every command of its master. But does man? If a fellow believes in himself, and believes in God, he makes a team then. But if he does not believe he can't do a thing. He thinks so, and then he can't."

"All this talk about liquor must sound strange in Boston, and I presume there are many in this audience who think I am a crank. I call that a compliment, because it is fashionable to be a crank. I do not want to wear long hair. I do not believe in long haired men and short haired women."

"I wish some of you old bums would get up and tell what the devil has paid you up to date for doing his dirty work? You bring down an angel and give it a bottle of whiskey and a pistol, and that angel would be in a Boston lockup before morning."

"There isn't a mean thing on earth that some people in Boston are not doing."

A POINT OF ORDER WELL TAKEN.—Congressman Dolliver, of the Tenth Iowa district, has a big tent which he purchased from a stranded circus company and now utilizes in his campaigns. Last October, while making the rounds of his district, Mr Dolliver reached a town where it was too cold for an audience in the tent, and an adjournment was had to a great grocery store-house, which was able to accommodate numbers of political truth seekers. In one corner there was a big barrel of sauerkraut, and near this a great old fashioned stove of the kind that will roar like an elephant when the draft slide is pulled clear back.

With a great fire the crowd began to feel comfortable, and quickly enthused under the eloquence of the Port Dodge orator. Everybody seemed to be unmindful of the sauerkraut barrel, and lost in the beautiful pictures of returning prosperity with the election of McKimley and the assurance of honest dollars and chances galore to earn them. But in the midst of one of Mr Dolliver's eloquent flights his attention was distracted by an Irishman who said he rose to a point of order.

"The gentleman may state it," quoth Mr Dolliver.

"O! move you, sor," said he, "that a committee be appointed to place a horse blanket over the barrel of sauerkraut."

The barrel had warmed up with the growth of the fire, and an odor that was any thing but agreeable in a political atmosphere was forcing itself up the nostrils of the faithful. The horse blanket was secured from a neighboring stable and applied to the use designated, after which Mr Dolliver proceeded to the end of his speech uninterrupted.—Washington Post.

WHAT WOMEN HAVE TO STAND.—"I am not particularly vain," said a belle, "but when I leave my dressmaker I am a mere abject smudge of myself. I know many a woman will lift up her voice with me over the way we are treated by the average dressmaker. We protest faintly about a wrinkle around the shoulder. 'Well, you see, madam, your left shoulder is so much higher than your right it is almost impossible.' We flush and say, 'Never mind.' Then, of course, that style of sleeve needs a full arm. I should not have chosen that sleeve for you myself, and 'A person with round shoulders can't expect her back to set real straight,' or 'The present style is trying to a person of a long neck like yours.' She admits that the general effect of the gown is 'dumpy,' but then you incline to that build, and of course it can't be blamed on the dressmaker. If your chest were fuller your dress would button more evenly. If your hips were regular the skirt wouldn't sag. You walk home wondering how you get along without crutches, and thinking what a bad job nature made of you anyhow."—Exchange.